

the NATIVE VOICE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

VOL. XII. No. 8.

VANCOUVER, B.C., AUGUST, 1958

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PRICE 10 CENTS

Welcome From British Columbia Indians



Princess Margaret meets Indian Princess Lorraine Squinahan during her visit to Williams Lake in the Cariboo country of British Columbia.

Princess Sees Potlatch, Visits Bob

The man who conceived and planned the magnificent potlatch at Courtenay, B.C., in honor of Princess Margaret was not forgotten by the great grand-daughter of beloved Queen Victoria who made a special visit to meet him at the hospital in Courtenay.

Native Brotherhood of British

Columbia President Robert Clifton managed to leave his sick bed long enough to be presented to the Princess, who broke her regular schedule in order to meet the Native leader.

The Potlatch itself was a tremendous success with Indians dancing to extend welcome, express goodwill and pray for peace.

Acting on behalf of President Robert Clifton, Rev. Peter R. Kelly presented eight high-ranking In-

dian Chiefs to the Princess.

Two high-ranking chiefs, both in their late eighties, Chief August Jack Khatsahlano and Chief Billy Assu had quite a little chat with Princess Margaret and were deeply impressed with her graciousness and beauty.

The large crowd at the Potlatch cheered when magnificent hereditary Chief Andy Frank of Comox appeared with his colorful ceremonial robes, attired in a startling

ly beautiful Chilkat blanket of azure blue, black, and orange and wearing his great ceremonial mask.

Little Charlene Assu, 10-year-old grand daughter of Chief Assu, presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet and stayed on to chat with the Princess.

Pretty Carlene took her 10 steps back slowly and deliberately when she took leave of Princess Mar-

(Continued on Page 4)

TALES OF A FORGOTTEN RIVER

PORTRAIT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA'S MIGHTY SKEENA

By CONSTANCE COX

IN the year 1857, the Skeena became one of the most useful rivers in British Columbia. Before that it was only used by the Indians (of the Pacific coast by war or by trading for foods of the interior).

Then in this year, 1857, Thomas Hankin was sent from Victoria to open a Hudson's Bay Post at the junction of the two rivers, the Bulkley and Skeena Rivers. He hired an Indian canoe at Port Essington, the mouth of the Skeena River to take him 180 miles up the river to a place now known as Hazelton, on the banks of the Skeena, named by Thomas Hankin.

Hazelton was the end of navigation. He described his trip as one of beauty and wonder. Seeing Indian villages and Indians for the first time gave him a great thrill, doing and seeing the things no other white person had even done.

It was August 15, 1857, when he left Port Essington, to wind his way up the 180 miles of the Skeena. The river was wild and dangerous, but he felt no fear, as the Indians were capable and knew the river. He says in his diary the only time he felt a little nervous was when they tied up at night at some Indian village. They would come down from their village to look

him over and wonder what brought him up to their country. Through his interpreter he told them he was for the Hudson's Bay Company. He would build a store and trade for their furs, tools, food, clothes and blankets which would help them to live much better. No harm came to him—if you treat them well, you in return will be treated well.

He found the river powerful and dangerous but with beauty and wonder. It was Indian summer and leaves of the poplar and birches had turned to red and gold giving a splash of color to the banks. Many streams and smaller rivers flow into the Skeena making it one of the largest rivers in British Columbia.

Some of the names of the tributaries that flow into the Skeena are Simaqoit, Kitsumgalum, Copper, Babine, Kitwancool, Kispiox, Kitsegukla, Bulkley and many others. These rivers contribute their waters and power making the Skeena the mighty river it is.

THE Skeena is called the river that never gives up its dead. Hundreds of people have been drowned and their bodies never found.

Indian canoes were the only outlet for those who lived along its banks and the little town of Hazelton. Then something wonderful happened—the Hudson's Bay Company put a stern wheeler steamer on the river in 1893. In 1912 the Skeena Crossing railway bridge was built. Many strange things have happened along its banks. The Gold Commissioner was kidnapped by the Indians and held prisoner on his way to Manson Creek in the Omineca in 1871.

A great tragedy happened on the river—15 miners going out from Manson Creek bought a canoe from the Indians and all left Hazelton intending to handle the canoe themselves. When they reached the canyon their canoe turned over and all the men and their gold went to the bottom.

The man that discovered Manson was one of them. He was supposed to have had \$40,000 with him which was also lost. Their bodies were never found.

No matter how bad a thing is, there is always some good thereto. The Skeena provided food and an outlet for all who lived near or on its banks. Thousands of salmon have been and still are being taken from its waters which was the main food for thousands of Indians. As one follows this mighty river to its head waters Gullangest Lake takes its rise. Its name means "back of the head waters," and as it flows from the lake, it is but a small stream which one could walk over without getting his feet wet.

RIERS are like some men I know, powerful and proud. Proud of the things they can do, then in a few years they lose their power and are no longer proud.

The Skeena has lost its usefulness as a navigable stream. I have often sat on its banks and watched it glide slowly by and wondered if it knew it was of no use any more, but for its fish and drinking water for some Indian villages, a bad come-down for a mighty river. There are some people who never knew what a useful river it had been.

There have been from time to time about 11 stern wheelers on the river. They would come up in May, opening date of navigation, bringing food and goods for the

interior and staying until October. Then the Indians took over, coming up the river until the end of October. Then when it was frozen over, it served as a good road for our winter mail to come over by dog team.

There are many river boats laying at the bottom of the Skeena. The beautiful "Mount Royal," one of the very finest boats that ever travelled its waters, now lies on the bottom of the Skeena. These are the names of the boats that proudly conquered its swift whirl pools and dangerous canyons: the "Caledonia," the "Port Simpson," "Hazelton," "Skeena," "Pheasant," "Northwest," "Inlander," "Omineca," "Distributor," "Conveyor," "Operator."

On these boats, many celebrities travelled, both Government and Hudson's Bay high ranking officials, Lords and Dukes from for-

(Continued on Page 4)

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The Realm of Art

Indian Display Fascinates

By PALETTE

In the Vancouver Province

New arrangement in the UBC Museum of Anthropology makes still more fascinating the unique and valuable collection of Indian art of British Columbia. The summer exhibit in the museum's large room in the university's library building is open to the public Monday through Friday 10:30 to 5 p.m. and on Tuesday and Thursday evening 7 to 9 p.m.

A striking addition to the main display in the museum is a temporary exhibition of totem poles on the University Boulevard. These fine old poles, brought down from the north during the past two or three years, are on public view for the first time.

Mrs. Audrey E. Hawthorn, curator of the museum, following modern museum methods, has avoided confusion for the visitor

Maisie Invited; Can't Attend
Native Voice publisher Maisie Hurley has expressed her regret at being unable to attend unveiling ceremonies of an historical plaque at Chiefswood, Middleport, Ontario, to commemorate E. Pauline Johnson and Chiefswood.

Invitation was extended by The Six Nations Council for the July 26 event.

Mrs. Hurley has reluctantly declined the invitation which her illness has made impossible to accept.

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in not showing too many exhibits at the same time.

Her careful selection from the famous Dr. Raley collection, presented some years ago by H. R. MacMillan, and of objects otherwise acquired, form a colorful and entrancing sidelight on the life of coast tribes.

Of special interest in this festival year are the museum exhibits showing how the native people celebrated special occasions by making masks and "feast" dishes, spoons and so forth of outstanding artistic merit.

Also with pronounced theatrical sense their artists obtained facial expressions effectively. The long bills of birds and curious "personality" masks with which the dancer quickly transformed from one character to another,

have a good deal of humor about them.

Life-size realistic mannequins, including chiefs in colorful raiment, stand in the centre of the room. They fit in well with surrounding objects such as the magnificent carvings of figures from Kitimat and a Tsimshian house post.

The art urge still persists, as shown by George Clutesi with his excellent watercolors and Judith Morgan with themes drawn from traditional B.C. Indian life.

A fine series of photographs of totem poles by Stanley E. Read and some of the famous Edward S. Curtis Indian photographs, made around the turn of the century and including one of a B.C. coast Indian ceremony, are other interesting features in this UBC Museum summer show.



For several months there has been no news of the Longhouse due to the absence and illness of its officers. After a long absence and illness our beloved President, Chief Tinglet, known as Frank Smart, died in a Milwaukee, Wisconsin, hospital, some time in April.

Chief Babe Begay has been absent most of the time due to his travelling for the Rath Meat Co. The Chief expects to be here for the re-organization of The Longhouse.

Due to a leg injury and illness, Ska-ron-ia-te was only able to attend about three meetings last year.

During this time, the Longhouse suffered some heavy blows, for some of the remaining members and officers violated their sacred oath to the Longhouse. This resulted in the Longhouse being subtly used to benefit others.

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The Longhouse is being reorganized for the meetings this fall as there were resignations. I am told the reorganization is, that members being elected to the office of President, Vice-President and Directors must furnish proof of their Indian blood.

We look for a stronger Longhouse than ever before with programs that are of interest to everyone. The Longhouse did not die, but it certainly has been sick and its fires smoldering.

While in New York this spring our Chief Babe Begay was the guest of Chief Nickolas Baily, for Tonawanda Longhouse had its Sugar Dance. We do thank Chief Baily for his courtesy. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity.

Ska-ron-ia-te

We are glad to get news of The Longhouse. Best of luck.

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The Red Man Speaks

What the white man wants,
the white man gets:
And gives me in trade
tears, regrets.

He came, laid claim,
his witness: God.
He tossed me aside,
another clod.

He planted trees
over some he cut.
He seeded white flowers,
tore red weeds out.
He grew his slum
above my hut.

He gave me jails
on which he encroaches;
And at my independence
directs reproaches.

He bids my daughters
to freedom come:
Duped, doped, drunker
in the slum.

The whites that sweat
have a struggle that fits
into ours; as brothers
we team our wits
In the painful striving
with the white that sits.

Equal everywhere,
no hidden brand:
In vote, in rights,
in the life-sweet land,
The veins of business,
the workman's hand.

I ask no longer.
I demand.

—*The Westerner*

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The Voice of the Native Canadian
Official Organ of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, Inc.
 Published once a month by: The Native Voice Publishing Co., Ltd.
 325 Standard Bldg., Vancouver 2, B.C. Telephone MUtual 5-7434.
 Printed by Broadway Printers Ltd., 115 East 8th Ave., Vancouver.

NORTHERN ASSOCIATE EDITOR CHIEF J. J. ANTOINE
EASTERN ASSOCIATE EDITOR JASPER HILL (Toronto)
OKLAHOMA ASSOCIATE EDITOR MRS. JIMALEE BURTON
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 Advertising Rates on Application
 Make All Payments to The Native Voice Publishing Co., Ltd.
 Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office, Ottawa

Two Outstanding Events

THERE are two big events we hope readers of The Native Voice won't forget.

One is our special edition due to come off the press in August and which can be ordered now. It will contain, in addition to many fine stories and previously unpublished Indian legends, a message from the Prime Minister of Canada. We mention this to indicate the widespread interest in the undertaking.

Copies can be ordered NOW at \$2.25 and advertisements may also be placed but time for the latter is growing short.

The other event is the famous Salmon Arm - Chase Salute to the Sockeye set for October 10 to 13 inclusive at Squilax, B.C.

Many thousands of British Columbians are expected to travel up the Fraser to see the marvel of Nature, the world-famous sockeye salmon migrate in their hundreds of thousands to end their lives on the spawning grounds.

The area will take on a festive air with a fairway operating daily and a host of outstanding displays planned for the interest and information of the public. The theme will be centred around the life of the most famous of the Fraser River's salmon, the prized sockeye, and the Centennial promoters are guaranteeing an outstanding affair.

Princess Sees Potlatch

(Continued from Page 1)

garet, holding Margaret's eyes as she went. The crowd applauded and one reporter said, "and Margaret smiled widely over the delightfully prolonged etiquette."

Dr. Kelly made the Princess a present of a yellow cedar totem, carved with the thunderbird and whale and another of argyllite, the latter made by the Haidas for Queen Elizabeth.

It is very sad to think that hard-working Native Brotherhood President Robert Clifton could not witness the great success of his work and planning but we of The Native Voice sincerely hope that the gratitude expressed by the local papers will help repay Bob for his initiative and effort. We also hope the happy outcome of the affair will help our president on the road back to health.

Considerable appreciation has been expressed by newspapers on Vancouver Island for the President's efforts in arranging Prin-

cess Margaret's visit. The Courtenay Argus, for example, wrote editorially, "Our City and District are deeply indebted to the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia and their president Mr. Bob Clifton who have made this visit possible. We will not forget."

The Comox District Free Press said "Mr. Bob Clifton, President of the Native Brotherhood, the man who has done more than anyone else to bring Her Royal Highness Margaret to this District will despite illness, be presented to the Royal visitor." And he was, as we have reported, with the Princess hearing from Bob a plea that she "come back for a longer visit next time."

We know the Princess joins us and Bob's many other friends and fellow Brotherhood members in wishing him an early recovery. We are all proud of the great success of the welcome given our beloved Princess by the Native Brotherhood and its president, Bob Clifton.

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Continued from Page 2

Tales of a Forgotten River

foreign lands travelled up on the Skeena on these boats. They all claim it was the most beautiful scenery they had ever seen. The gigantic mountains, their peaks covered with snow and the wild canyons and swift water of the Skeena, all added to the beauty and excitement of the trip.

These are some of the names of the bad places on the river, Gunthup, (Wasps Nest), Devil's Elbow, Hankin's Rapids, Hole in the Wall, Kitselas Canyon, Little Canyon, Bateman's Landing.

A stop was made at Bateman's Landing to load about 10 cords of wood at a time, which was required to steam the boilers on the boats. Stops were made during the day at places along the route for wood.

It took about four days to make the trip up from Port Essington to Hazelton and only two to return to the mouth of the river. Every night the stern wheelers would tie up to the bank and leave again at 5 a.m.

IN those days of steam boats and Indian canoes, things were so different.

With all the hardship and trouble bringing food and drygoods into the northland, the cost of living was much cheaper than it is today. One could buy shoes for children for \$2.50 and bacon for 30c a pound. Sometimes I think conditions have changed for the worst instead of better.

After the merchandise had been brought up to Hazelton by canoes and stern wheelers, Indians were then hired to pack supplies on their backs 180 miles into Manson Creek. The rate for this journey was 50c a pound. It was sold cheaper than it is today.

As a child, I would watch the long procession of Native men and women with 150 pounds on their backs bent over with the weight of their loads going slowly up the hill on their first lap of the trail to Manson Creek, where gold was mined. In three weeks, they were back to the Skeena for another load.

There is a strange tale about an Indian woman and her daughters. They had been packing for the Hudson's Bay Company. For each load they got a weigh bill. The pack was weighed at Hazelton then again at the end of the trail at Manson and then if all the loads were in order, the weigh bills were o.k'd.

The story goes that when the Missionary baptized one of the Natives, he presented them with a paper, which of course, was their baptismal certificate which the Indian thought was a pass into heaven. That summer there was an earthquake in Alaska which was felt in Hazelton. The Indians were very much afraid. They got out their papers and held them in their hands waiting for the worst to come.

The mother and her daughter had not joined the church as yet therefore did not have the required baptismal certificate to hold.

The daughters said to their mother, "Look, we have no church papers to hold." The mother went into the house and got the weigh bills given to them by the Hudson's Bay Company and said, "Hold them. It shows we were honest in our packing. Anyway I don't know so much about those church papers they do not show how honest we were." I often wonder which St. Peter would have recognized.

IN the year 1870, four thousand sand men came up the Skeena in boats, canoes and anything that could float, heading for Manson Creek to pan gold. Many lives were lost in the chilly, swirling waters of the turbulent Skeena.

Thomas Hankin, the first white man to come up the mighty Skeena in the year 1857, in an Indian canoe, wrote a diary. In his remarks, he has written of the wonders and beauty of the Skeena; foreseen what a future it would offer to the northern posts and settlers arriving to open this wide expanse of unknown territory.

There were many large Indian villages dotted along the banks of the river, some with three and four thousand Indians. Great war canoes would come up the Skeena River from the Coast and wage war on these villages. The interior Indians would flee in hiding to the woods and mountains. The coast Indians would then steal all their stores dried and smoked salmon, leaving them to starve.

The Indians were often hired to bring the freight up this waterway in their canoes. On one of the occasions an Indian boy drowned. The father of the boy then went to the owner of the freight to ask him to pay for the death of his son, this being the law.

The white man refused to accept his terms, telling the Indian to leave his property. He left, soon returned with a sharp knife coming up slowly behind the white man, quickly raising the weapon and stabbing him in the neck. He died within a few minutes. The Indian took himself off to the woods where he stayed in hiding until he died. Thus ends another tragedy on the Skeena.

The Skeena from the headwaters is about 440 miles—260 miles north of Hazelton and 180 south, where it empties into the ocean at Port Essington. Now the only thing that disturbs its peaceful flowing is the shrill whistle of the train that travels along its shores for miles, then the train leaves it behind to flow onward in peace along this forgotten river.

(To Be Continued)

Lost Lagoon

The hand of God laid it gently by the trees of Stanley Park, A Venetian mirror to reflect the flight of wing, the moving sky, O like beauty Slumbering sweetly, the tide that chose to dream and stay, A salty tear from the Pacific lulled and rolled away.

Dipped in shimmering lacy pattern, paddles softly splashing the shade of blue The white man in his boat ploughs frothy furrows—while the red deftly glides in canoe; Stay the hand of time, whoever you may be, drink with eyes For mirrored here in rainbow colours, a scene from paradise.

—Inga Alvilda Vagn

WHY INDIANS NEED LAND

By LAWRENCE E. LINDLEY
General Secretary of the
U.S. Indian Rights Association

Desperate Prospect

N HEARINGS most of the Indians opposed termination on the sound ground that they would be unable to hold their land against their aggressors. But bills were passed affecting the Alabama and Conchatta Indians of Texas, four small scattered groups in Utah, the Uintah and Ouray Utes of Utah, the Menominee of Wisconsin and the Klamath of Oregon. Prior to the enactment of their termination act, the Menominee had operated their forest on a sustained yield basis, sawing their timber in a tribally owned mill. From the profits of the mill they paid most of the costs of education, health and welfare services for the tribe.

When planning was begun for services to be taken over by the state of Wisconsin, it became evident that taxation of their forest sufficient amounts to pay the cost of county government would bankrupt the tribe. Postponements of the final termination date have been granted by Congress in order that further study of plans for the future of the tribe can be made. The situation of the Klamath is even more desperate. A tribe hopelessly divided and without experience in managing its affairs is to receive all federal protection removed. It is estimated that 70 per cent of the Klamath will choose to sell cash—One of the alternatives provided in the termination act. Experts who have studied the situation are convinced that such position of the Klamath forest would glut the timber market of the Klamath valley and ruin the sole economy of the area. In spite of the best plans that can be developed, the prospect

An Important Contribution

(We commend to the attention of our readers this important article by Lawrence E. Lindley, General Secretary of the U.S. Indian Rights Association. Continued from our July issue, it deals with a matter which is just as important to our Canadian-Indians as to their United States brothers and sisters.)

ahead for many of the Klamath Indians—particularly those least able to compete in our white culture—is bankruptcy, poverty and dependency.

Congress now seems to recognize the importance of careful preparation before federal trusteeship over Indian property is terminated and has practically discontinued termination legislation. But the Interior department and the Indian bureau are still speeding liquidation of Indian landholdings.

Group Interests Ignored

IN 1955 the commissioner of Indian affairs issued a memorandum stating that land held by an individual Indian could be "fee-patented" (freed from restrictions against sale or encumbrance) regardless of the detrimental effect of such a patent on his neighbors' land or on the Indian community of which he was a part.

Former policy regarding issuance of patents in fee provided "that the owner must be competent and that the approval of the application would be beneficial to the applicant or applicants," but also "that it have no serious adverse effect upon the applicants' family, his land or the tribe; and that the termination of the trust or restrictions would not destroy or jeopardize a timber unit or grazing area."

The 1955 memorandum states: "Policy is now modified by giving recognition to the fact that an individual Indian's right to the ownership of his land in fee simple need not be subordinated to the

interests of his tribe nor to the management of the land as a part of a timber or grazing unit."

Thus an allotment of land on which there was water that neighbors depended on to make their own land useful for grazing could be "patented." Consequently the neighbors would be forced to sell or lease at a low price to the individual who controlled the water. And so years of work and the expenditure of thousands of dollars by Indian tribes and the federal government to develop economic grazing and forestry units could be canceled out. The commissioner's policy statement even violated the old principle that a landowner has the right of access to his land.

As a result of widespread protests, the Indian bureau later revised this statement as follows: "If there is any real possibility that the disposal of a particular allotment might adversely affect other Indian lands in trust, the Bureau will take the initiative in consulting with the Indians concerned and will give them every possible assistance in working out a satisfactory solution to the problem." However, this gesture in recognition of a responsibility to

tribes and individuals seems not to have had much effect in slowing land sales.

Over the past four years about 1,600,000 acres of allotted Indian land has been taken out of trust status through grants of patents in fee and through supervised sales. It is a safe assumption that nearly all this land passed out of Indian ownership. The rate of sale is about 3 per cent per year, which means that Indians have lost about 12 per cent of their allotted land in the four-year period.

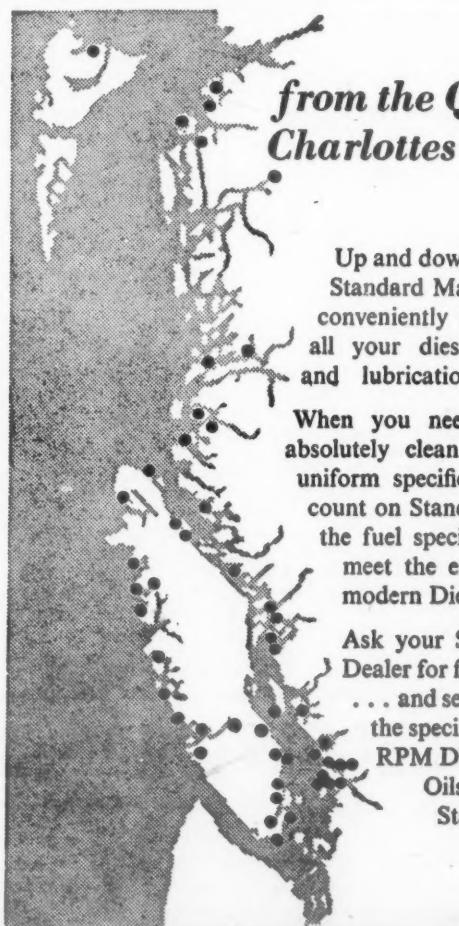
The rate of sale for 1956 was somewhat below that of the previous three years, owing in part to the protests of Indians and their friends, but chiefly to the depression of the cattle market. Cattlemen simply did not have the money to buy up Indian lands that were offered.

Most of the Indians who sold out will move onto the land of their relatives, or possibly onto small areas of tribally owned land. This change will make for more acute economic and social problems for all the Indians involved.

(To be Continued)

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Continued**By the Late NEWELL E. COLLINS**

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

The governor's zeal and that of his men, enabled him to keep up with the cavalry, and at nine o'clock we were at Arnold's Mills, having taken, in the course of the morning, two gun-boats and several bateaux loaded with provisions and ammunition.

"A rapid bend of the river at Arnold's Mills affords the only fording to be met with for a considerable distance; but upon examination it was found too deep for the infantry. Having, however, fortunately taken two or three boats and some Indian canoes, on the spot, and obliging the horsemen to take a footman behind each, the whole were safely crossed at 12 o'clock. Eight miles from the crossing we passed a farm, where a part of the British troops had encamped the night before, under the command of Col. Warburton. The detachment with General Proctor was stationed near to, and fronting the Moraviantown four miles higher up. Being now certainly near the enemy, I directed the advance of Johnson's regiment to accelerate their march for the purpose of procuring intelligence. The officer commanding it, in a short time, sent to inform me that his progress was stopped by the enemy, who were formed across our line of march. One of the enemy's waggoners being also taken prisoner, from the information received from him and my own observations, assisted by those of my officers, I soon ascertained enough of their position and order of battle, to determine that which it was proper for me to adopt.

"I have the honour herewith to enclose you my general order of the 27th ult. prescribing the order of march and battle, when the whole of the army should act together. But as the number and description of the troops had been essentially changed since the issuing of the order, it became necessary to make corresponding alterations in their disposition. From the place where our army was last halted, to the Moraviantown, a distance of about three miles and a half, the road passes through a beech forest without any clearing, and for the first two miles near the river. At from 200 to 300 yards from the river, a swamp extends parallel to it throughout the whole distance. The intermediate ground is dry and although the trees are tolerably thick, it is in many places clear of underbrush. Across this strip of land their left appuyed upon the river, supported by artillery placed in the wood, their right in the swamp, covered by the whole of the Indian force, the British troops were drawn up.

"The troops at my disposal consisted of about 120 regulars of the 27th regiment, five brigades of

Kentucky volunteer Militia-infantry, under his excellency Governor Shelby, averaging less than 500 men, and Colonel Johnson's regiment of mounted infantry, making a whole aggregation of something above 3,000. No disposition of an army against an Indian force can be safe, unless it is secured on the flanks and in the rear. I had therefore no difficulty in arranging the infantry conformably to my general order of battle. General Trotter's Brigade of 500 men formed the front line, his right upon the road, his left upon the swamp. General King's brigade as a second line, 150 yards in the rear of Trotter's; Child's brigade as a corps of reserve, in the rear of it. These three brigades formed the command of Major-General Henry; the whole of General Desha's division, consisting of two brigades were formed en potence upon the left of Trotter.

"While I was engaged in forming the infantry, I had directed Colonel Johnson's regiment, which was still in front, to form two lines opposite to that of the enemy; and upon the advance of the infantry, to take the ground to the left; and turning upon that flank, to endeavor to turn the flank of the Indians. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me that from the thickness of the wood and the swampliness of the ground, they would be unable to do anything on horseback, and that there was no time to dismount them and place their horses in security; I therefore determined to oppose my left to the Indians, and to break the British line at once, by a charge of the mounted infantry; the measure was not sanctioned by anything that I had seen or heard of, but I was fully convinced that it would succeed. The American back-woodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or rifle is no impediment, they being accustomed to carry them on horseback from their early youth. I was persuaded, too, that the enemy would be quite unprepared for the shock, and they could not resist it. Conformably to this idea, I directed the regiment to be drawn up in close column, with its right at the distance of 50 yards from the road (that it might be in some measure protected by the trees from the artillery), its left upon the swamp, and to charge at full speed as soon as the enemy delivered their fire. The few regular troops under their colonel (Paul), occupied, in column sections of four, the small space between the road and the river, for the purpose of seizing the enemy's artillery; and some 10 or 20 friendly Indians were directed to move under the bank. The croquet formed

by the front line and General Desha's division was an important point. At that place the venerable governor of Kentucky was posted, who, at the age of 66, preserves all the vigor of youth, the ardent zeal which distinguished him in the revolutionary war, and the undaunted bravery which he maintained at King's Mountain. With my Aide de camp the acting-assistant adjutant-general, Captain Butler, my gallant friend, Commodore Perry who did me the honor to serve as my volunteer aide de camp, and brigadier-general Cass, who having no command, tendered me his assistance. I placed myself at the head of the front line of infantry to direct the movements of the cavalry, and to give them the necessary support. The army had moved on in this order but a short distance when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were ordered to charge; the horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire; another was given by the enemy, and our column at length getting into motion, broke through the enemy with irresistible force. In one minute the contest in front was over, the British officers seeing no hopes of reducing their disordered ranks to order and our mounted men

wheeling upon them, and pour in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. It is certain that only three of our troops were wounded in the charge. Upon the left, however, the contest was more severe with the Indians. Colonel Johnson who commanded on the flank of his regiment received a most galling fire from them, which was returned with great effect. The Indians still farther to the right advanced, fell in with our front line of infantry, near its junction with Desha's division, and for a moment made some impression on it. Excellency, governor Shelby, however, brought up a regiment to support, and the enemy received a severe fire in front, and a part of Johnson's regiment having given the rear, they retreated precipitately. Their loss was considerable in the action, many were killed in their retreat. (To be Continued)

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Ceremony in a Lenni Lenape Temple

By BIG WHITE OWL

THE early period of New World history, when the people of the Lenni Lenape Nation shipped in their own way had a mode of worship which contained a deeper mystery than any other known

They had a religion which was still based on the principles of effort and struggle. They pursued the sublime. They worshipped the SPIRIT and found the TH. In those far off days they to celebrate and to worship autumn and spring at the ah-Wikon (Temple) also de- ed as "BIG HOUSE" by historians. On these special occasions the people came from and near to pay homage and offer thanks to their KITCHE ITOU — (Great Spirit).

The Lenni Lenape would bring them much food for feasting articles such as dry grass, husk mats, beaver skins, and rugs to spread around the of the Mowah-Wikon where people could sit with each other in their appointed places. Each side of the carved centre-are two fireplaces which fur- the light and heat.

was also a generally accepted custom to appoint three women and three men as caretakers whose duties were to guard and to the inside of the Temple, look and to serve the feasts, to keep the sacred fires burning. Then came the day when a went through the camp or asking the people to come to the Temple at sunset for the ceremony would commence evening. And all of that day one would be very busy dressing-up, polishing ornaments donning ceremonial finery. evening came the Mowah-Wikon (Temple) was filled with people, and everything was in order. The great moment was fast approaching and all tense. The hush and quiet of evening held everyone in its ace — only the two fires

dared to break the strangely mellowed silence.

THE SCENE is changed for a moment to a lone figure, silhouetted against the deep purple of the sky, standing on the summit of a distant lookout.

That seemingly graven image suddenly moved and gave the signal that everybody was waiting for and which meant the sun was now sinking beneath the western horizon. By sign language this message was relayed to the Lenni Lenape scout in the Mowah-Wikon or Temple and immediately the rhythmic beat of the deer hide drum shattered the silence as the leader and speaker of the Temple stepped forth from his place, holding in his hand a ceremonial pipe which was filled with a mixture of Indian tobacco and stomach leaves.

Reverently the speaker put the Holy Pipe to his lips to bind his words to truth and his actions to holiness. One of the man-caretakers took a firebrand from one of the central fires and held the lighted branch to the bowl of the ceremonial-pipe. The speaker after taking a few puffs would pass the Holy Pipe to the next man. Thus it went from one noted individual to another until all the leading men folk of the different tribal divisions had taken part in this purifying and sanctifying ritual.

In the Lenni Lenape religion, the Red Stone Ceremonial Pipe held a very high place. It was their most highly esteemed and important instrument of invocation. It was their own way of communion with the Great Spirit, and it came to be known as the "Holy Pipe" or the "Pipe of Peace."

WHEN the pipe smoking ceremony was finished, a certain grand old man, the elected leader and speaker of the ceremony, then proceeded to deliver his opening speech and he addressed those assembled in the Big House or Temple in terms somewhat after the fashion of the "Speech in the Lenni Lenape Temple."

After the speaker had delivered his message, he usually concluded

by advising the people not to drink the white man's fire water, and not to do anything wrong in the Temple nor in the camp about it. He told the people they should always try to be honest, kindly and hospitable.

He held virtue as a beautiful and good spirit, something essential to life, something to be pursued, something to be attained. But with a burning tongue he condemned the spirit of evil. He lashed and he censured every known evil vice that he could think of.

Then, after this outburst, he offered his thanks to everything he could remember, including the heavenly bodies, the animals that lived in the valleys, the mountains the forests and plains, the trees and herbs of the earth, and of course he could not forget the corn, beans, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco.

He also prayed for successful hunting, good crops and good health for all the people.

Next he proceeded to set forth the rules of the ceremony while bear's grease and cedar boughs were thrown upon the fires. And as the cedar smoke filled the room the Mowah-Wikon was being purified. After the purification ceremony it was a custom to pass around a small pottery vessel, containing a sacred drink made from dried berries and maple sugar, and from this vessel each person present took a sip. Then the speaker would call upon the Seer and Prophet of the Nation who was known as "manit-weal-nuh" (seer or priest).



BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor

THE "manit-weal-nuh" rises to his feet. His body is bent with the snows of many winters. The deep lines on his face blended so perfectly with the rugged landscape. His dignity and air of authority filled everyone with awe as he walked slowly toward the great central post.

Very carefully he adjusted his gaily decorated turtle shell rattle. Now the venerable old man began to chant a haunting rhythm — a story of his boyhood past and his latest visions and dreams.

Two of the best drummers of

(Continued on Page 8)



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Lenni Lenape Temple

(Continued from Page 7)
 the Turtle Clan join him by beating on their peculiar deer hide drums, and as the old man sang his dream song the drummers repeated each word after him, in the same tone of voice, which produced a rather weird effect, and thus the chant ended.

Next, he started a catchy dance song and the drone of the drums kept the rhythm as he danced about the fires shaking his turtle shell rattle . . . He held it poised in the air, the next instant it was near the ground — then, he held it behind his back. He squirmed and he quivered, he twisted and he turned. One moment he snapped and he snarled like an angry bear, and the next instant he hissed like a coiled snake!

Now the song has changed to a mellower tone, like the chanting of phantom singers. And suddenly it came abruptly to a halt. And "manit-weal-nuh" just stood there as if in a super trance before placing his hand, slowly and gently, upon his breast over his heart. His face is turned upward to the pinnacle of the centre-post that reached into the sky, and his face seemed to be lit up with a strange kind of light very seldom perceived in a man's countenance. Now he raised both arms and held them upward in silent prayer — And the silence that descended upon that gathering was a holy silence.

Everyone there acknowledged the sacred presence of KITCHE MANITOU (Great Spirit) . . . The

people of the Lenni Lenape, the Delawares, never grovelled in the dust before their GOD. They always stood up and talked to HIM face to face. (Thus ended the opening of the ceremony and there was a short intermission.)

WHEN the meeting was called to order again the turtle shell rattle was passed from hand to hand until it reached the next man with a dream or vision to relate, who in his turn, proceeded to sing and dance to the stories of his visions and dreams.

The whole thing is repeated over and over, one after another, with the exception that some of the songs and dances are not so weird and forceful but all of them are different and interesting.

After the turtle shell rattle had made a complete circle of the inner circle in the Temple, which was usually toward morning, the people were asked to rise to their feet and lift their arms toward the top of the great central post as they raised their voices in a prayer cry: "Hoo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o," 12 times in succession.

The twelfth and last emphatic cry, it was claimed by the prophets, would reach "Ahwosa Kuma," (Abode of the Great Spirit). Now a daybreak feast is the next on order and corn meal mush, known to the Native people as "zup-pawn" was served with maple sugar. Clam shells were used for spoons and Native pottery for dishes.

After this early morning festival

was finished, the Lenni Lenape (Delaware Indian) worshippers, feeling very weary but happy, began to disperse and all would be quiet until the next evening.

ON THE fourth day of the ceremony, at break of dawn, a band of picked hunters were sent out to procure more venison and turkey for the feasts and for giving away of meat at the closing of each ritual.

The hunters usually made it their duty to return to the camp on the seventh day with all of their spoils of the chase, and they were at once made welcome by children and old folk alike. Perhaps it is well to mention that always before starting on this great hunting trip they appealed to the spirit of "Mising-holi-kun," (guardian of game, dispenser of mirth, good cheer and friendship, etc) to help them so they might be lucky and be able to bring plenty of game.

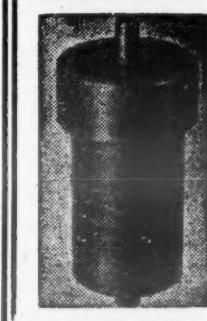
The spirit of "Mising-holi-kun" was usually impersonated by a man wearing a crude bear skin draped over his shoulders, and

wearing a very weird hand carved wooden face mask which painted half black and half white. It is said the black part of wooden face mask represented worshipping Lenni Lenape women, and the red part represented the Lenni Lenape men. (NOT Black beads, black wampum, black paint, the blackness of night, were the harbingers of the power of Evil. White beads were a symbol of PEACE, Friendship and Brotherhood. Red beads symbolized life, power, strength, brave blood.)

The man who represented "Mising-holi-kun" also carried in his hand a magic staff of witch hazel and a turtle shell rattle. He often seen walking about the camp as the ceremony in the temple was in progress.

(To be continued.)

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